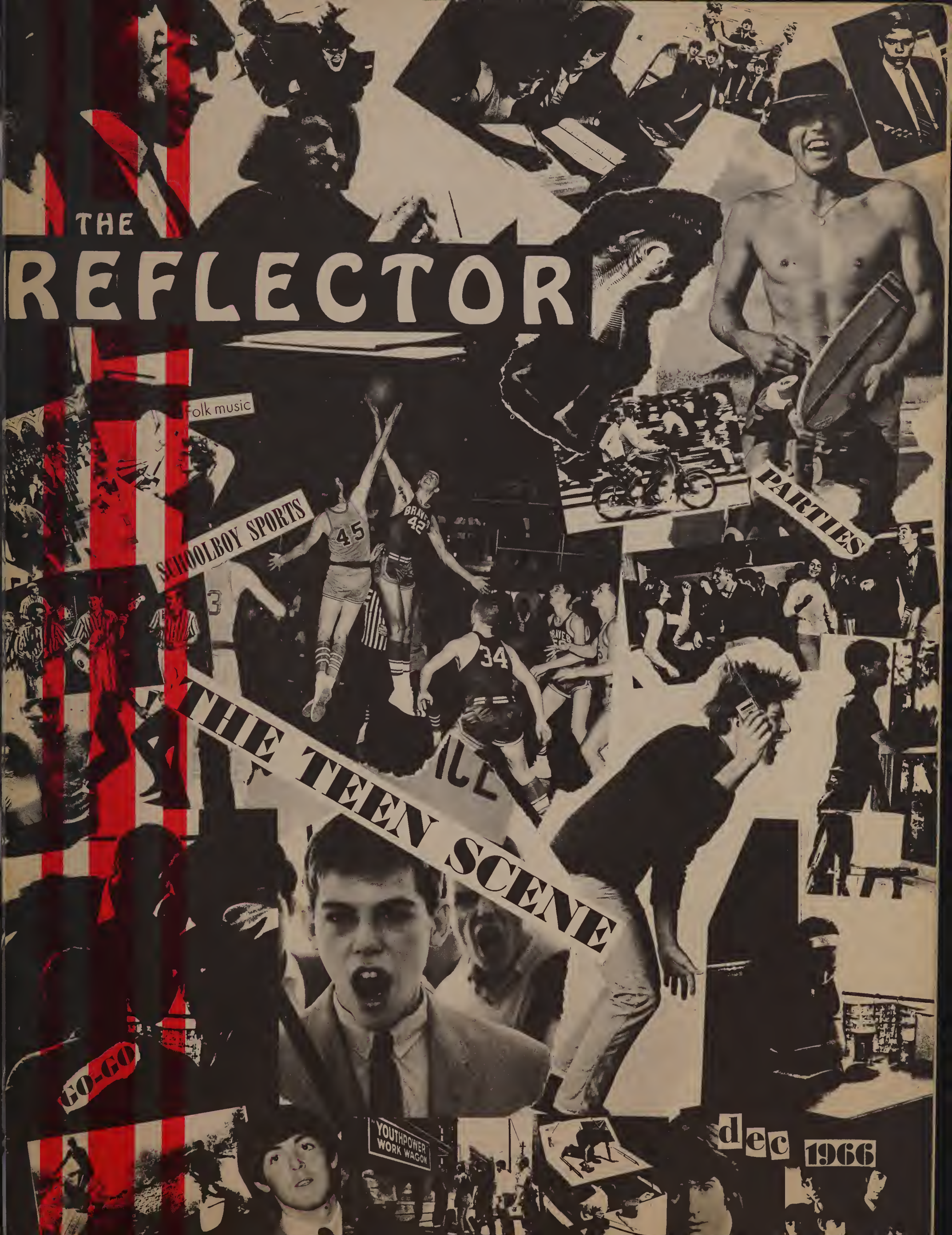
THE REFLECTOR



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THE

REFLECTOR

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BEHOLD A GREAT CAPTAIN

Paul Ceruti '67

Behold the great captain
  And his ship "Weymouth High"
With her maroon and gold sails
  As they staunchly sail by.

He has spent many years
  To build her so fair,
And to guide her through waters
  Where storm threatens despair.

But he is tired and worn
  From the salt and sea air,
So at the next port he'll stop
  And anchor his career.

Behold, now, the ship
  At the break of dawn:
Though the captain has retired,
  His ship still sails on. . . .

MR. JOHN F. MARTIN

In a manner of speaking, Mr. Martin, our new principal, is returning to Weymouth High School after a long absence. He once served as Head of the History Department at old Weymouth High.

With thirty-seven fulfilling years in Weymouth public schools behind him, Mr. Martin joins the high school—a deserving and qualified educator. Besides his active teaching years, he served two years as principal at South Junior High, and he has headed Central Junior High since its opening in 1955.

The main responsibility of a school principal is to supervise and direct a smooth, efficient school program. He must also tend to the educational needs of each individual pupil.

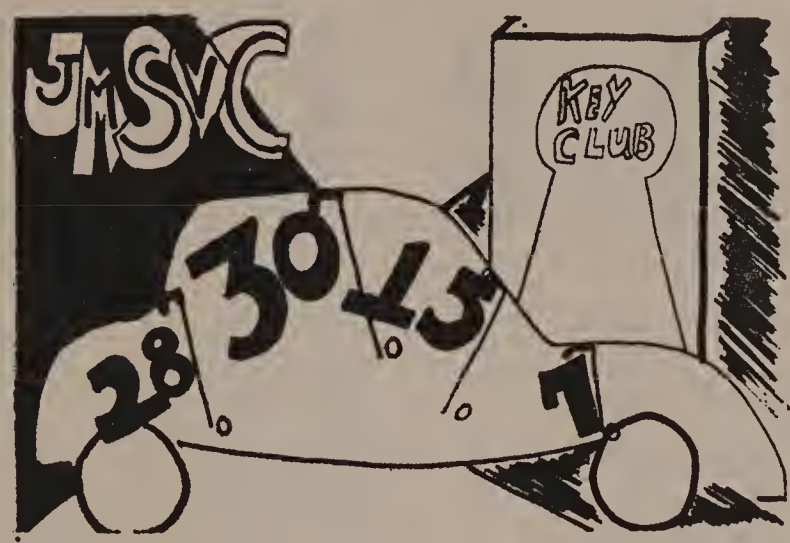
As principal of Central, Mr. Martin prepared his students for their coming high school years. Now, the challenge changes. As high school principal, he readies the students for their later lives in the college and business worlds.

During his school years, the student develops his mind and character. Mr. Martin stresses the importance of student leadership, which is encouraged by the opportunities offered in the Weymouth schools.

Commenting on WHS, Mr. Martin praises its excellent organization and facilities. Eventually, though, he believes a second high school will be needed to house the growing student population. Mr. Martin also takes delight in our football team, complimenting its excellence and good sportsmanship.

Leaving Central after many enjoyable years with his friends and colleagues, Mr. Martin expresses his regret, but he welcomes his opportunity for new challenges and new friendships.

EDITORIAL



The results of the Survey published in this issue reveal, or rather reinforce, some interesting facts about the teenager.

Of some disappointment are the results to the section on driving experience. We had hoped that the figures would refute the theories of some of our deprecators. We learned, however, that of students who have not had their licenses for two years, 15% have already been involved in an accident. Of greater interest still are the figures relative to driving experience previous to the accident. These figures lend greater credulity to the accusation against the *inexperienced* teenage driver. We learned, for instance, that after driving just a month, only a small percentage, 7%, were involved in accidents; but that after driving from two to six months, a much greater percentage, 30%, found themselves involved in accidents. For those with more than a year's driving experience the figure falls to 28%. Although this percentage is still high, the trend is hopeful. From these figures we can gather that at first the drivers are cautious and perhaps a little afraid of driving. When they get better control of the car, they also get a little cockier about their prowess as skillful drivers. Teenagers should be especially careful of this recklessness, not only because of the obvious dangers involved, but because individuals reflect the entire group.

On the plus side, however, we learned that the student body rated very high among important activities the Junior Moral and Spiritual Values Committee and the Key Club. This shows that teenagers are perhaps not all so selfish as some would have them appear. These two organizations do social service work for hospitals, schools for the blind, and help out individuals in our own school through such services as the tutoring service (JMSVC). It is right that they be respected for such unselfish work. The Survey indicates that the student body gives them that respect.

We have learned that the students are not quite so bad as some would have believed. We have also learned that there is large room for improvement. (Check the percentages in the Survey analysis which follows and choose your area for work!) Perhaps we suspected it all along.

THE REFLECTOR

• • • SURVEY • • •

DO YOU SAVE MOST OF YOUR MONEY?
- yes 51% — no 49%

DO YOU PAY BOARD?
- yes 15% — no 85%

DO YOU USUALLY BUY YOUR LUNCH?
- yes 69% — no 31%

ARE MOST OF YOUR SPENDINGS FOR
- clothes 51% — cigarettes 10%
- car 9% — other 30%

DO MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS DRESS
- colleege 62% — mod 9%
- rat 11% — other 18%

DO YOU DRIVE?
- yes 51% — no 49%

IF YES, DO YOU DRIVE
- own car 16% — other 17%
- family car 67%

DO YOU OWN A CAR?
- yes 16% — no 84%

IF YES, DID YOU BUY IT YOURSELF?
- yes 72% — no 28%

DID IT COST
- less than $100 32% — less than $300 14%
- less than $200 8% — more than $300 46%

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN INVOLVED IN AN ACCIDENT AS THE OPERATOR OF THE CAR?
- yes 15% — no 85%

DO YOU LIKE MOSTLY
- folk music 21% — jazz 4%
- rock 'n' roll 70% — classical 5%

DO YOU EARN YOUR OWN MONEY?
- more than half 62% — less than half 30%

DO YOU WORK?
- once a week 11% — twice a week 15%
- more 36% — no job 38%

IF YES, HOW LONG HAD YOU BEEN DRIVING PREVIOUSLY?

less than 2 weeks 9%
less than a month 7%
less than 6 months 30%
almost a year 26%
more than a year 28%

DO YOU THINK THE AGE FOR GETTING A DRIVER'S LICENSE SHOULD BE?
16 71% 17 20% over 17 9%

DO YOU SMOKE?
cigarettes 44% pipe 1%
cigars 2% not at all 54%

DO YOU SMOKE?
pack a day 38% more 6%
pack a week 23% less 23%

DO YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO SMOKE?
yes 85% no 15%

DO YOU APPROVE OF A PERSON'S BEGINNING TO SMOKE?
under 16 10% over 18 19%
under 18 34% at no age 28%

DO MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS SMOKE?
yes 58% no 42%

DO YOU DATE?
once a week 25% twice a week 22%
more or less 52%

ON DATES, DO YOU USUALLY:
single 41% double 42%

DO YOU USUALLY GO TO
The Surf 24% dances 31%
movies 50%
concerts — folk 5% classical 9%

DO YOU PREFER
slow dances 48% fast dances 43%
don't like to dance 10%

DO YOU GO STEADY?
yes 33% no 67%

DO YOU APPROVE OF GOING STEADY?
yes 61% no 39%

DO YOUR PARENTS APPROVE OF IT?
yes 37% no 63%

DO YOU APPROVE OF MARRIAGE BEFORE 21?
yes 60% no 40%

DO YOU USUALLY ATTEND ANY OR ALL OF THE FOLLOWING?
football games 89% baseball games 22%
hockey games 16% track meets 15%
basketball games 68%

IF HELD ON THE SAME NIGHT, WOULD YOU ATTEND
a school dance 63% a school play 81%

WOULD YOU RATHER ATTEND
a school dance 19% an outside dance 81%

WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN A CREATIVE WRITING COURSE IN THE SCHOOL?
yes 29% no 71%

TO YOU, WHICH IS THE MOST IMPORTANT AND OUTSTANDING SCHOOL ACTIVITY (INCLUDING SPORTS, CLUBS, EVENTS)?
Football, Basketball, Student Council, Junior Moral and Spiritual Values Committee, Graduation Activities, Pep Club, Ski Club

WITHOUT BEING A MEMBER:
HAVE YOU EVER ATTENDED A STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING?
yes 10% no 90%

DO YOU THINK THE COUNCIL SHOULD HAVE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM EVERY HOMEROOM?
yes 86% no 14%

ARE YOU POLITICALLY
Democratic 39% Independent 26%
Republican 20% not interested 11%

DO YOU THINK THE VOTING AGE SHOULD BE LOWERED TO 18?
yes 44% no 56%

DO YOU PLAN TO GO TO
college 47% business school 20%
other school 17% no further scholing 12%

DO YOU PLAN TO FINANCE SCHOOLING MOSTLY BY
self 37% parents 45%
scholarship – loan 11% other 5%

THE SPY

"WHO WILL spy on Mr. S.....?" Since all present at the meeting, including me, could anticipate the drudgery to be entailed by such an assignment, an immediate stillness fell over the entire staff room. The editor waited for a volunteer. Finally, realizing the potential damage I could do to the man's character and the anonymity afforded by *The Reflector*, I volunteered for the duty.

For those readers who have never had the good fortune or misfortune, but never the inconsequential fortune, of meeting Mr. S..... , he may be found imposing his caustic nature upon his small corner of the world, the Math Department. I enter this corner daily for forty-five minutes, so I am in excellent position to observe the Maniac. (A good spy can always determine the origin of the slightest accent. Mr. S.....'s is no exception.)

Observing him from an objective standpoint gave me fresh insights into his rather unique personality and his instructional methods. At the beginning of each class, students attempt to distract him from his carefully drawn up lesson plans. Each time they fail. In fact, virtually the only way he allows students to rest their minds from tedious proofs is to throw a barrage of insults at a helpless but hardened victim. This uses up much time. Then the unworthy followers spend the rest of the period copying the Master's fallacies verbatim, although not knowing what they mean. However, Mr. S..... continues to spread his brilliance nonchalantly upon those great green boards.

What I have to say next may shock some and be incomprehensible to others. However, the reason that this Euclidean figure teaches such irrelevance, why the limit of f (a) is always foremost in his mind, is that he actually enjoys the material! When absorbed in teaching a mathematical concept, he loses all trace of his middle-aged cynicism. No longer does he joyfully inform us which students succeeded in creating the low distribution range on a testing scale. Not only is he sincere in this type of situation, but because of his vast mathematical background, from formal logic to functions, he is able to impart his knowledge to others. Unfortunately, this situation occurs rather infrequently, as few students are interested in formal logic. This lack of interest has made the poor man feel rejected and has led him into a state of defensiveness and irritability.

Upon closer examination of the man, I feel that this rejection has also put him under severe mental stress. He emphasizes actions unrelated to teaching. For example, at the beginning of each period, he demands that the blackboards be meticulously cleaned. To the untrained mind, this would indicate a severe distaste for Mr. Bamberger's handwriting. More careful study reveals his fear that his students want to destroy the concepts he has demonstrated. His constant degradation of intelligent students, such as me, only points out his insecurity concerning his teaching success. His use of vague mathematical symbols (. . : : : : lim: guy who chooses epsilons, etc.) shows his desire to escape from the confines of a high school.

When he leaves a textbook at home, or misplaces the answer to a problem, he tells his students that the particular problem or assignment was beyond their capacity to solve anyway.

This type of teacher can only torture students and limit his own potential. Perhaps what Mr. Swanson needs is a professorship at a university, where he will be comforted by teachers of his own calibre. We can all be sure to attend that university!

THE SEA GODDESS

Sharon Hoitt '68

(His side of the story)

I sat on the beach, staring out over the water. It was a beautiful sight, Nature at her best. The water was a bright blue, and a blonde girl in a blue bathing suit that just matched the water was sitting on the white raft. I could see a sailboat over on the other side of the pond, its white sail showing up brightly against the background of dark trees. A grey gull swirled above me, floating effortlessly in the pale blue sky.

My hands itched to paint the scene. In my mind I knew how I would create the picture, but I also knew my hands would not obey. The result would be an unrecognizable splash of color, for my artistic talent is nil.

The sand was hard, and I shifted my position. That was a mistake, for the girl's alert blue eyes noticed me for the first time. A dazed expression crossed her pretty face.

I don't want to sound conceited, but I must admit I am extremely good looking. Too good looking, if you ask me. I hate girls, but I could have my pick of them all. Well, this girl ran her eyes over my sunbleached hair, wide brown eyes, my strong, tanned body. She stared for a good solid minute. Brother!

She stared until I thought her eyes would pop out of her head. I believe she thought I was an hallucination, a Greek god come back, her dream man come true. When she finally convinced herself I was real, she stood up and stretched. That stretch was calculated to show off every slender, desirable inch of the girl. It did, but it didn't excite me a bit. In fact, it left me cold. "Here we go again," I thought.

Then the girl dove into the water. It was a beautiful dive, slow and graceful, but not too "show off-y." I couldn't have done better myself. She swam to shore and walked slowly past me to a small blanket spread nearby. She smiled a beautiful, sweet, saucy smile. Very flirtatious. I sighed, ignoring her and the beautiful graceful way she moved. I hate girls and everything about them. They're so possessive and silly. The way they all go "Oh, Lonnie," so soft and innocent makes me sick.

She seemed faintly puzzled at my lack of interest, but she turned to her little blue beach bag and took out a pink comb and brush. Her hair gleamed as she brushed the ends under. She looked like a beautiful sea goddess come to visit the world of mortal man.

A sea goddess. The idea fascinated me. I was tempted to speak to her, to tell her this, and see her reaction. NO. Me and my poetic mind! I've gotten myself into all kinds of situations like this with girls because of my ideas, and once you speak to them, they assume you love them. I KNEW this girl would tag along and follow me around until summer was over, and with my luck she'd probably try to come home with me. She'd call me up and ask me to take her places, she'd stick with me till someone better came along. Only I knew from experience, no one better ever would.

I played around with the sea goddess idea for a while as I watched her put on her lipstick, a honey pink. She had a nice mouth. In fact, she was a nice looking girl. I noticed she was watching me, so I turned away.

She watched me for a while, sitting here writing. Suddenly, she must have become discouraged at my failure to notice her, for she gave a sigh and gathered up her belongings. She walked slowly away from the tiny private beach. I'll say this for her, she had an awfully nice walk.

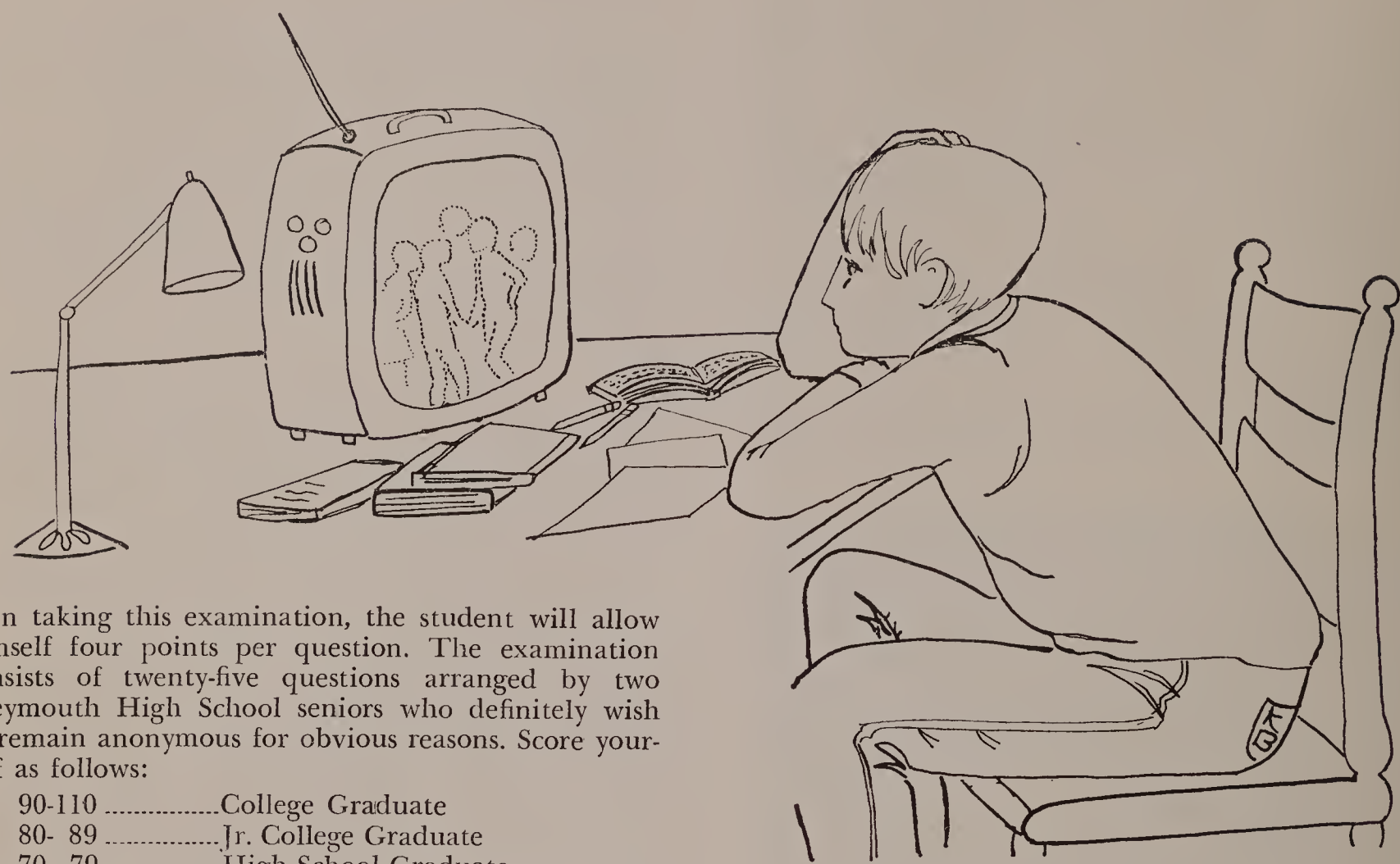
I sat looking over the water, but I no longer saw any of it. I saw a tanned sea goddess in a blue two-piece. I saw wide blue eyes, sweet smiles, and a saucy walk. I saw my beautiful blonde sea goddess brushing and combing that fantastic hair. She was probably kind of a nice kid. Maybe she'd be different. No. I've tried that. They're all alike.

She left her comb on the beach. Looking at it reminds me of her and her hair. I bet it was natural. I keep thinking of her. Strange. Oh, well.

A sea goddess. I wonder if I made a mistake, not speaking to her. Of course not. They're all alike. Still, she looked awfully nice. Maybe I should have said something. She couldn't build too much out of a few words, could she? Yes, she could. All girls can, and they usually do. It couldn't have been a mistake not to talk. Maybe it was. What if I never see her again? That would be awful, wouldn't it?

(Continued on page 36)

THE WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL MENTAL COMPREHENSIVE EXAMINATION



In taking this examination, the student will allow himself four points per question. The examination consists of twenty-five questions arranged by two Weymouth High School seniors who definitely wish to remain anonymous for obvious reasons. Score yourself as follows:

90-110 .....College Graduate
80- 89 .....Jr. College Graduate
70- 79 .....High School Graduate
60- 69 .....Jr. High School Graduate
50- 59 .....High School Dropout
40- 49 .....Oaf
30- 39 .....Buffoon
0- 29 .....Bonehead

1. Name five characters on the old Howdy Doody Show (other than Mr. Doody himself).
   A.
   B.
   C.
   D.
   E.
2. Give the name of Wild Bill Hickock's side-kick.
3. What was the name of the St. Bernard on the old "Topper" show?
4. Give the name of the jeep owned by Pat Brady on the Roy Rogers' show
5. What kind of birds were Heckle and Jeckle?
6. Who was the Cisco Kid's side-kick?
7. Who portrayed Superman/Clark Kent in the T. V. series?
8. What did the "Froggie" say after popping up in a cloud of smoke on the Andy Devine show?
9. What was the name of the man in the checkered suit and derby who sang and danced on his kiddy show?
10. What was the *original* name of the Jet Jackson program?
11. What was Ed. Byrnes' *complete* name on the 77 Sunset Strip program?
12. Give the name of Crusader Rabbit's side-kick.
13. What was the name of the Wally Cox series?
14. Give the name of the "Thin Man's" dog.
15. What was the captain's name on the Gale Storm show?
16. Give the name of Hopalong Cassidy's horse.
17. What was William Boyd's name in his western series?
18. What character did Earl Holliman portray in Hotel de Paris?
19. Name Happy Tooth's enemy on the old Colgate commercial.
20. What was Gene Barry's role prior to Burke's Law?
21. Give the name of Richard Diamond's secretary.

EXTRA CREDIT (10 points)
What was Lee Marvin's name in M-Squad?

I BECAME A STRUMMER

Deborah Hartshorn '67

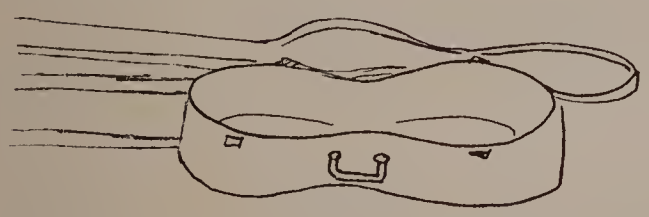
LEARNING to play an instrument takes much time and patience. I did not realize this when I decided to learn to play the guitar. Naturally, being a member of this "beat generation" surrounded by the "long haired" rhythm of the Beatles, I assumed that everyone had to learn to play the guitar. And so, after months of begging and promising eternal gratitude, I persuaded my parents to buy me a guitar.

On the evening of my first lesson, I approached my teacher's home confident of immediate success. I had even promised my parents that I would play their choice of songs for them when I came home. However, when I returned, all I had to offer them were discordant scales and plenty of tears.

Nevertheless, my parents encouraged me and persuaded me not to give up. And so my task of learning to play the guitar began. I struggled through weeks and weeks of scales, speed drills, and blistering fingertips. But soon the scales changed to chords, the drills changed to songs, and the blisters changed to firm callouses.

I had by this time changed from the modern music to folk music. Through folk music, I felt that I could best express those emotions that I could not express in words. My next step was to write my own songs.

Gradually I began to have pupils of my own. Now as I listen to my pupils struggle through their scales and see them gently massage their swollen fingertips, I try to be as patient as my teacher was and hope that someday they will find as much pleasure in playing the guitar as I have found.



REAL CONTENTMENT

Wendy Laine '67

CONTENTMENT is a feeling that is different for everybody. Not everyone will find happiness in the same activity, for no two personalities are completely alike. What is one person's satisfaction may be anothers' misery. Just recently, I discovered an activity that brings me much satisfaction.

As a Junior Moral and Spiritual Values member last year, I was introduced to the true spirit of giving. I went to a local nursing home twice a week as a volunteer. There, I helped serve supper and feed those who are unable to feed themselves. From what I had heard that other members were doing, it didn't seem to me I was contributing much.

However, I soon learned there was more to do than I had expected. Many very lonely people sat day after day in cheerless rooms. The nurses were often much too busy to decorate the rooms even at Christmas and Easter. I did what seemed to me very small tasks, such as reading to the blind and writing their letters, displaying holiday cards on mantles and shelves, and just plain making conversation. This last activity was the most difficult because there were many who were bitter toward life and very cynical. I had to keep the conversation very general and try to steer it toward cheerful topics.

I marvelled at their appreciation. I began to understand when an old gentleman told me how sorry he was that he wasn't shaved, but that he never had much company. And I saw that people who don't have many advantages are often very grateful for anything they receive, even something as small and trivial as a kind word. There were, of course, many days when I didn't seem to do much cheering up at all, but other days I did get a few smiles from even the most depressed and pessimistic in the home.

I think this experience has revealed to me all the truth in the saying: "It is better to give than to receive."

MY HERO

Paula Ryder '67

In my twelve years of elementary and high school there is one student that I have come to admire more than any other. He has no name, no face, no identity, but he is someone every student knows and hears about every day of his school career.

This wonderful young man or woman is the essence of perfection, a veritable "Frank Verywell" or "Melody Pureheart." He is that wonderful person you know you yourself ought to be, but somehow you never quite come up to his standards. He is noble, pure, intelligent, hard-working, active in all clubs and social functions: the pillar of iron on which your very school system rests. Tall and handsome, or petite and delicately beautiful, he or she is miraculously free from all outside pressures and therefore has never heard of teenage problems such as patchpocket pants, miniskirts, or pimples.

I first had a glimpse of this star of virtue when I entered the first grade and my teacher said: "Now I know that you'll all be good boys and girls and clean out your peg boxes as a *true* first grader would, won't you?"

From then on we have been constantly reminded what the *true* student would do until, in the senior year, the picture of this sterling character stands out clearly in every student's mind.

No matter that the road might have been slightly easier without his example. What difference that three fourths of the nation's youth have migraine headaches and wear eye glasses because the strain of keeping up with this wonder-student is ever increasingly impossible? No, it matters little how we might fare physically or mentally. We know our duty! We must follow the shining example set by our beloved Frank Verywell! We must strive to surpass the phenomenal feats of Melody Pureheart! We must be supermen of our times, rising above the problems of the youth. We must study, study, study, even if it means we must run, run, run, and lose *ourselves* completely.

MY PARENTS' CRITICISM OF ME

Charlene Nixon '67

My most common fault, according to my father, is my use of the bathroom. First of all, he says that I'm always using the bathroom, and he can never get in. Now this is ridiculous. Is it my fault we happen to want the bathroom at the same time?

My mother also has a gripe about the bathroom. She insists that locking the door isn't necessary. Every time I enter the bathroom, some motherly instinct tells her that I'm going to fall and fracture my skull. Since the door is locked, she is positive that I'll die before she reaches me. To me the possibility of such an accident seems quite improbable, and besides I'm willing to risk dying on the bathroom floor if it means some degree of privacy.

I also have a quick tongue, in the eyes of my parents that is. I imagine that this idea was conceived by listening to the quarrels between my sisters and me. Granted, I very often make remarks which I'm sorry for afterwards, but coming from a family of four girls, I have to defend myself in some way.

The last but not least of my parent's criticisms is my laziness. I know for a fact that I don't do much around the house, but between school, homework, and work there is just no time. I realize that I should help around the house, and if there were a few more hours in the day, I would.

Most of the faults which my parents criticize, I could easily remedy, but it is only natural for parents and their children to disagree. Besides, there are times when our disagreements add excitment to my life, so I'll just stay my obnoxious self.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

SEPTEMBER 12

The corridors are still confusingly crowded this first full Monday of school. The Juniors are not sure just where they are going, but when I think back, I know just how they feel!

SEPTEMBER 13

Today was a jewel. The sky was blue and clear, the air soft and dry. It wasn't summer, or Indian summer, or fall — but one of those perfect in-between days found in late summer and early spring. Days like this make it easier to look ahead to winter.

SEPTEMBER 14

Today, as the rain slanted obliquely into the street, I remembered what was said in class yesterday about awakening our senses. I took a big long sniff. The air was clean and sweet as if it were being washed. It revived me all over. This makes one wonder how much else we are missing while our senses sleep.

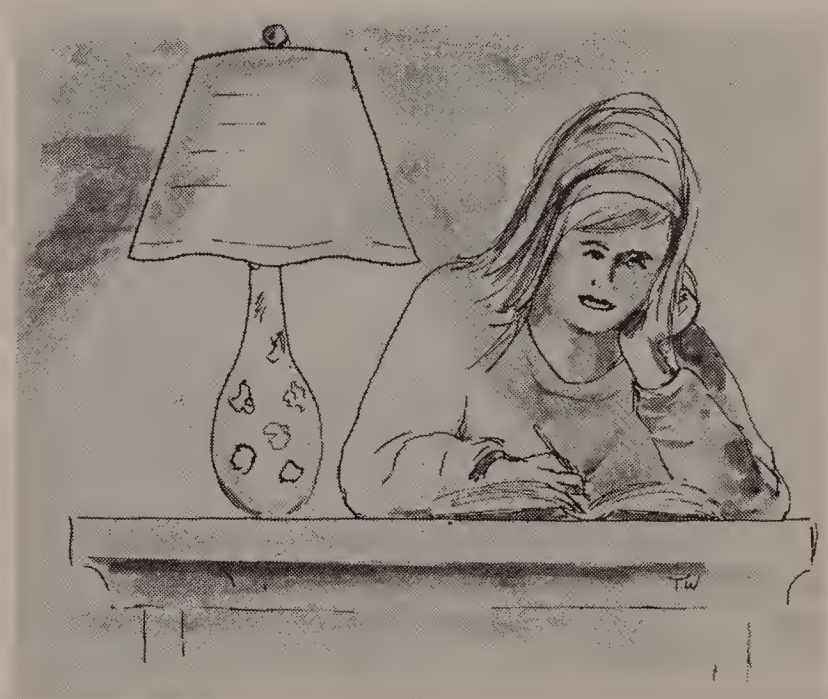
SEPTEMBER 15

Today is payday. I had to go to the Nantasket M.D.C. station for my check. I arrived and, looking around, was startled at the complete emptiness and deadness of the place. On the entire mile and a half of beach maybe five people could be seen, and the only noise was that of a seagull overhead. Where were all the laughing children and the bustling noises of angry drivers trying to find a parking space? Where was the big brass band that played for the overwhelming crowds? As I stood in the empty parking lot gazing at the empty beach, I realized that another season had passed us by!

SEPTEMBER 16

Today I heard on the radio that close to half the population of the world lives near starvation, and I wondered: How much more is there about this world that I don't know because I myself am not concerned?

(Mr. Dwyer requires his composition students to keep a journal. These varied entries come from these journals.)



SEPTEMBER 17

Saturday! That means freedom! Freedom from school, homework, housework—everything! Saturday should be used wisely and well for relaxation, pleasure, and enjoyment. Sundays are meant for those who work on Saturdays, but Saturdays are for little kids and happy people!

SEPTEMBER 18

Life is too short to waste on causes in which, deep inside, we don't believe; friendships among "crowds" which, deep inside, we don't enjoy; and actions which, deep inside, we don't consider moral.

SEPTEMBER 19

As I listened to someone today I realized that conceit is one of the worst qualities one can possess. No matter how much intelligence, charm, or wit he has, that person will be unappealing to others if his conversation is always narrated in the first person.

SEPTEMBER 20

I watched a paper boy deliver his papers early this morning. The air was cold and only a bit of light showed in the early dawn. The neighborhood was deathly quiet, and the only sound was the creaking of the boy's aged bicycle as it rolled along the route. The boy seemed tired of his task. I could see his breath in the cold air, but he was warmly dressed and ignored the temperature. He seemed reconciled to his fate!

SEPTEMBER 21

I just got my hair cut. Though I favor long hair, my father doesn't, and he continually wages a spirited battle to get me to the barber shop. Today he won and I trudged off to be "scalped." I must admit that the barber made the ordeal quick and painless, but after I get a haircut I usually come home grumpy and moody. When my hair is long, I'm happy, and when it's short, I'm not fit to live with. I think I study better with long hair.

SEPTEMBER 22

I often wonder what other students do during that moment of silence in the cafeteria. I always say a little prayer that I will be led safely through the day. But what do my classmates do? No matter. I feel that the moment of silence unites us and gives us a greater sense of school spirit than any loud yelling could do.

SEPTEMBER 23

The high school band lined up in the end zone before halftime. As usual, everyone was nervous. Things were made especially difficult because a strong, gusty wind blew in our faces. Everyone was leaning into the wind with pants' legs flapping like flags. Tuba players were blown off balance, skirts flew, hair was mussed, and hats and music were scattered in the wind. People marched in the wrong lines, played the wrong songs at the wrong time, and the halftime show seemed a general disaster. Still, there was applause.

SEPTEMBER 24

On our class trip to Salem today I saw a dog wait for a red and yellow pedestrian light, then use two cross walks to get across an intersection. Who says dogs have no intelligence?

SEPTEMBER 25

Relatives from Maine came to spend the weekend. It's always a pleasure to see them for even a short period of time. They are "down to earth" farmers. My uncle is like the old Maine farmers you read about in books. He is seldom without his grey felt hat and he speaks only when he has something important to say. My aunt is hearty and plump and she loves to talk. Her conversations are lively and vivid and she has more talents than I can count.

SEPTEMBER 27

A reluctant leaf, flattered by nature's call, did not conceal surprise by its blush. Suddenly, it fainted!

SEPTEMBER 28

Last night the stars were out in splendid array, adding a crowning touch to our sleeping world. They remained still as if content with their spot. Yet in an instant one grew weary and sped away.

SEPTEMBER 29

It ended as any other day—almost! The seniors were dismissed and the juniors were headed for their homerooms when the fire alarm sounded. At first, mass confusion. Then everyone filed out with a semblance of order. We remained outside for nearly ten minutes. Four fire trucks, two police cars, and a rescue service truck arrived. They were ready for anything. It turned out to be an accidental elerm, but I think it is wonderful to know that in the space of five minutes all of that help can be here.

SEPTEMBER 30

At 11:30 p.m. my father, brother, and I drove to Boston to watch the S. S. "France" pull out of Commonwealth Pier. To see those fireboats spraying water in salute was a majestic sight. The "France" seemed to fill up the entire harbor. Sitting on the edge of the Atlantic wharf with the water rippling below me, I wondered what some people were doing at 12:30 a.m.

OCTOBER 1

"Happiness Is A Perfume You Can't Pour On Others Without Spilling A Few Drops on Yourself," says a motto on the bulletin board opposite room 109. How true this statement is. Try sometime to cheer someone else, yet remain dejected yourself. It is impossible!

OCTOBER 2

Friendship is the confidence that help and advice are there when needed and that shared secrets lie safe and undiscovered. Friendship is caring enough to sacrifice pleasure and comfort when the situation demands. Friendship is wanting to spend most of your time with someone. Friendship is necessary for a truly happy existence.

OCTOBER 3

Today is my birthday. "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" and all that! But this was not the usual birthday. This was the first year that the day did not mean something "special." I was not anxious for gifts and a party. Whether this is a sign of maturity or merely of growing old, I do not know.

OCTOBER 4

The vain stars winked at themselves in the mirror-like pond.

OCTOBER 5

The magic of today was the crispness and the clearness of the air. It was almost as if God had cut the landscape from shining paper and pasted it onto a vastness of china blue sky.

OCTOBER 6

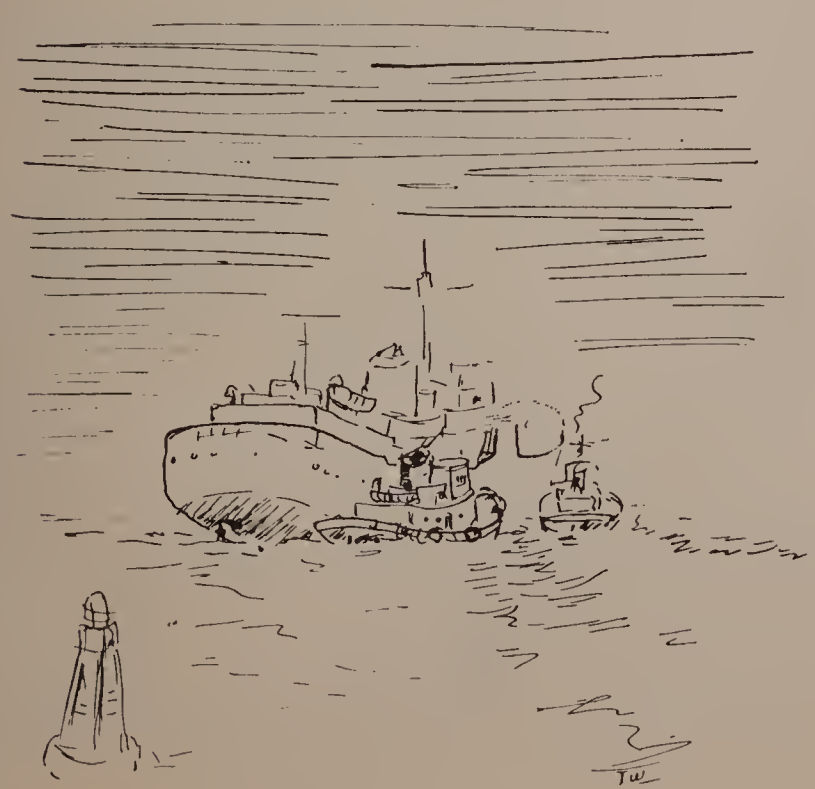
Just once struggle out of bed before five, and you'll never sleep until eleven again! Something in the crisp, clean air holds a power totally different from the bustle of mid-day activity. Sounds and sights overlooked before are magnified and brightened in the new sunlight.

OCTOBER 7

Green! What a color! Its shades and hues are as varied and numerous as the creations it colors. Green's Saint Patricks' Day and Thanksgiving vegetables and warm grass. Green's Christmas trees and apples not yet ripe. Green's the color of life.

OCTOBER 8

The calm water was grey with mist as the ship moved slowly down the river. Its lights pierced the fog. Two tugboats nestled against her side. Their wake washed the beach as they passed. They moved, unseen except by a few night dwellers.



OCTOBER 9

The leaves are blowing here, there, and everywhere, and it's about time to get out the rakes! Those leaves were such vivid colors when they clung for life, but now that they have loosened their grasp and fluttered downward they have become brown, dead, and ugly.

OCTOBER 10

Today I read these lines by Thoreau: "I had a sparrow alight on my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in the garden, and I felt more distinguished by the circumstance than I should have been by any epaulet I could have worn."

OCTOBER 11

Have you ever noticed how shore birds and gulls face into the wind? Of course! It keeps their feathers in perfect position. A good philosophy might be for us to face into troubles; don't let them ruffle our feathers!

OCTOBER 12

I often think of how flimsy the thread is that holds our thoughts together! Hunger, thirst, heat, cold — a touch of any of these and all the aesthetic and philosophic thoughts on which we pride ourselves vanish as by a wand. For most people a mere flea inside the shirt can ruin Beethoven!

OCTOBER 13

I used to judge the worth of a person by his intellectual power and attainment. I could see no good where there was no logic, no charm where there was no learning. Now I think that one has to distinguish between two forms of intelligence—that of the brain and that of the heart — and I have come to regard the second as, by far, the more important.

HOW I OVERCAME A FEAR

Mary Lou Peshek '67

I VIVIDLY remember how apprehensive I felt when suddenly I realized that it was the day that my family and I were to travel by jet plane to California. I had never flown before. Upon arising, I peered out of my bedroom window and was horrified to see a shroud of dense fog. My next reaction was to wish that the flight would be cancelled. However, a telephone call to the airport confirmed that the flight was operating.

As we drove to Boston, the fog still had not lifted, and I wondered how the pilot would be able to see. I had heard of radar devices, but I did not want to rely on electronic instruments. Trembling, I entered the terminal, looked around, and noticed that everyone else seemed nonchalant. I wondered if anyone detected that my mind was in a turmoil. First, we checked our bags and then walked to the gate where we selected our seat number. Waiting, I nervously turned and was startled by the sight of counters at which life insurance could be purchased. Swiftly my heart sank. Was it necessary?

My thoughts were interrupted by a voice saying, "Flight 257, leaving for Chicago, departs in fifteen minutes."

Mustering my last bit of courage, I forced myself to step over the threshold. A stewardess greeted us and showed us to our seats. Then the steps were drawn back, the doors closed, and the engines were started. The high pitched whine of the turbines was barely audible. At this time another stewardess appeared and said, "If there is a loss of cabin pressure, oxygen masks will appear above your seats." Also, she requested us to read a brochure on what to do if an emergency should arise. Faith had deserted me.

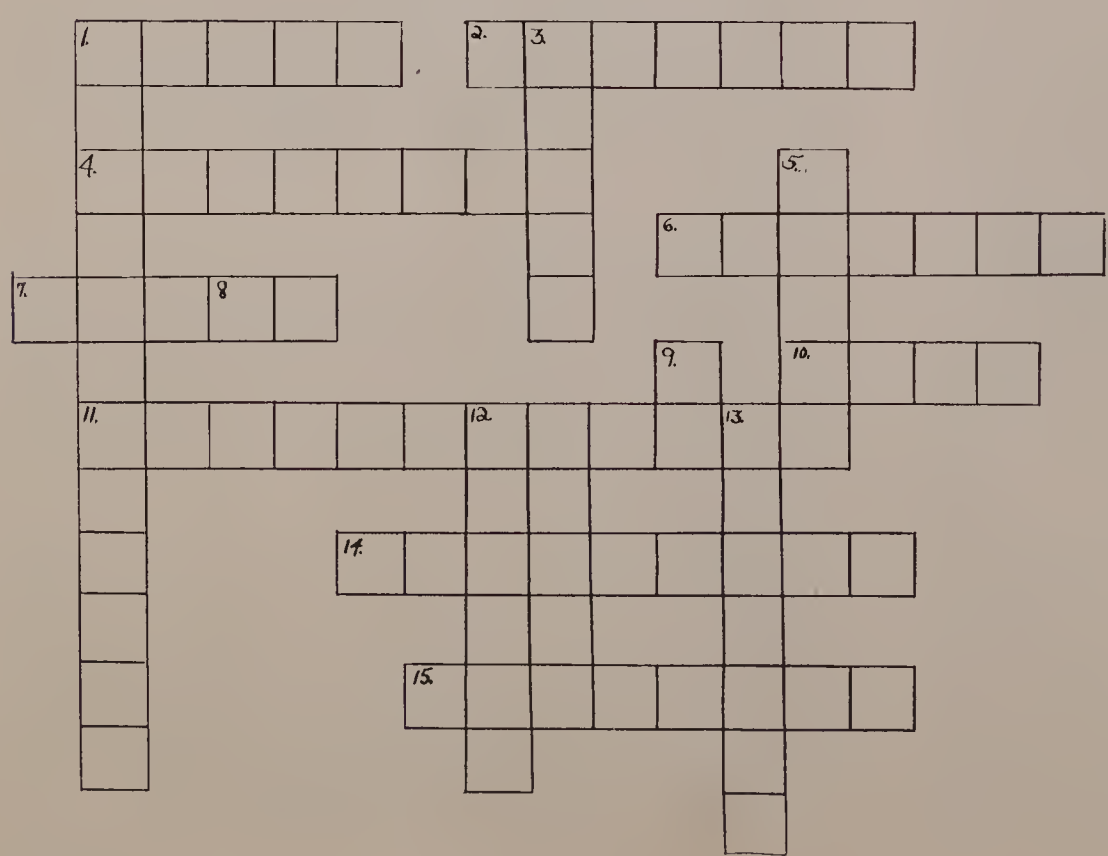
Slowly the plane taxied out the runway and then stopped while other planes took off. To me the fog was a large hand scooping each plane into its palm. The pilot asked us to fasten our seat belts, and at a rapid speed, the plane accelerated. Suddenly the sound of the wheels rolling down the runway ceased, and the huge jet plane lifted into space. I felt that the security of the earth was slipping away from me.

Ascending through the mist was like a dream. My ears continually popped. Then like a new awakening, we left the fog ridden sky and entered a golden paradise. Soft, puffy white clouds sparkled in the glowing beauty of the sun. What an exhilarating experience this was! At once my hands lost their clamminess and my nervousness ceased. I felt as if I were in another world free from cares. For two hours I peered outside the window. Occasionally the clouds dispersed and toy cities appeared. Much too soon we landed in Chicago.

As we disembarked and entered the terminal, I laughingly reflected on my thoughts of the morning. I knew that I had overcome a fear which would never return.

A TEASER

Barbara LaRocco '67



Across

1. hope, reliance
2. the human race
4. friendly, peaceable
6. state of being free
7. "... that all men are created — — —."
10. a relief fund for Europe
11. The Declaration of — — — —
14. to form into a whole
15. International — — — week

Down

1. "... to insure domestic — — —."
3. to change for the better, improve
5. a state of calm and quiet
8. help
9. United Nations (abbr.)
12. "... our fathers brought forth on this continent a new — — — ."
13. an act of kindness

JOB INTERVIEWS

Karen Cook '67

What the school does

THE WEYMOUTH High School Business Department places an average of 100 students each year in positions that have a future. The selection of the students to be placed is based entirely on marks, attendance, and personal qualities. This year Mr. Kearns has stipulated that anyone who has been absent more than ten days before the date of his interview will not be given permission to go.

Speakers from the large companies will be at the school during the months of November and December to talk informally to the business students, giving them an idea of what they have to offer graduates in the line of work and fringe benefits. They often bring color pictures to enliven their talks.

Before the school decides on the companies to which they will send students for interviews, Miss Hackett must be completely satisfied that they are companies with a future and that they will be pleasant places in which to work. Some of these companies are as follows:

National Shawmut Bank
Telephone Company
First National Bank
John Hancock
Boston Safe Deposit
Prudential
State Street Trust
Blue Cross and Blue Shield
Employers Group

In Office Practice, students are taught how to make out job applications. They are also instructed as to the proper dress for the interview and the office, the proper use of the telephone, and many other necessary skills. Although the school places many students, some have to find jobs on their own. Therefore, students are told how to apply for a job through advertisements, agencies, and personal friends. More important, they are told how to keep a job once they have one and how to train themselves for advancement. They are told what a fair salary is for each type of job. Weymouth High wants it's students to be treated like the good workers they are!

To be sure the students know how to conduct themselves during an interview, some of the Office Practice teachers may have their classes put on skits during the year. Right and wrong ways to dress and act are exemplified.

As you can see, Weymouth High has a business course that it can be proud of. I'm sure that we, the Class of '67, will keep it that way.

What you do

When you go for an interview, remember to bring a birth certificate if you are over 18. This is to prove your age. If you are under 18, you will need a working permit once you begin. This is obtained from the office of the school superintendent.

It is a good idea to go into Boston with an older person who knows the city. Before the day of the interview, find out just where the place of business is located. This reduces the danger of your getting lost and arriving late.

Now, while you are still in school, there are many things you can be doing in preparation for the big day when you are out on your own. First, don't be absent! Prospective employers always look at your attendance record carefully. Many a student has been turned down for a job because of poor school attendance.

Make an effort to polish your skills. Typing and shorthand speed is worthless if your accuracy is poor. If you have good speed, slow down a bit and see if you can minimize errors. Learn punctuation rules. Improve your spelling. All of these things are important to the company for which you wish to work.

Make an effort to polish *you*. Start cutting down your wardrobe and make room for the clothes you will have to purchase for the office. Learn to use make-up to your best advantage. If your hair is long and straight and you wish to keep it that way, learn to pin your hair up in French twists and other neat styles for the office. If you have put on a little weight, go on a diet—under a doctor's supervision, of course. Personal appearance is important.

MY EXPERIENCE IN CRIME

Annetta Emery '67

SEVERAL YEARS ago, our family went to the Northfield Inn for a family reunion. Upon arriving, our attention was immediately drawn to a grey, desolate looking French chateau which stood off from the rest of the buildings. It looked very mysterious; so being true adventurers, as soon as we had kissed the proper relatives, my brothers and I raced to the eerie edifice to explore it.

After walking all around and after looking through every window which we could find, we sat down on the great marble steps to discuss our new discovery.

"Did you hear what Aunt Mabel said? She said that some old diamond merchant took his wife to Europe for a year and ordered this chateau to be built during their absence. They say that after returning, she was so furious at seeing the ninety-nine room barn in the place of their old home that she refused to step inside it and that she never even glanced at it again."

"Boy, I would. Wouldn't it be great playing hide and go seek in this place? Say, I wonder if there are any dungeons or, even better, if it is haunted? Hey, do you suppose we could get in some way?"

"Well, the only way we can find out is to try."

So we set about trying all the doors and windows. None of them gave to our pulling, kicking, or banging. Our spirits sank, but we refused to suffer defeat. We kicked and banged more vigorously, and at last a cellar window creaked open.

The window was tiny, and the drop to the floor seemed to be a full ten feet, but the Emery troop was not daunted! Seeking a promotion from the rank of private, I volunteered to go first. I was lowered and then dropped. I landed not on the floor, but upon a pile of cold, hard something; I staggered around for a few minutes until I found a light switch. Upon looking around, I discovered that we had stumbled upon a coalbin. I shouted to my brothers to come down, and after much squirming and squeezing, they at last stood beside me.

I started giggling. "Hey, how on earth are we ever going to get by that nosy manager all covered with coal dust? We had a bad enough time just smuggling these candles out from under his nose. Do you suppose he had us followed and is going to have us arrested?"

"Oh, will you be quiet. Boy, why'd we ever bring you along? If there were any ghosts here, you'd wake them up with all your whispering."

With the thought of this consequence, I promptly became silent.

Soon we were stealthily making our way through long, dark passages, all of which seemed to be heading toward the center of this subterranean realm of the chateau. At last we stood in the heart of the building, facing an old, rickety, wooden staircase. My eldest brother, heading our small band, slowly crept up to the grey door. It was just as he put his hand on the tarnished, cold knob that we heard footsteps. They were coming toward the door and us. My heart stopped and my knees knocked.

Somehow, my brothers managed to drag me down the steps, and as soon as my feet touched the stone floor, I broke ranks and fled down the corridors as fast as my poor shaky legs could carry me. I didn't stop until the little window in the coalbin lay facing me. Somehow we all managed to scramble up and out. I led the way! As we stood in the brilliant sunlight panting, still not daring to speak should the thing or whoever it was hear us, I decided that crime never pays.

(Perhaps I should let you in on some information which we learned a year later concerning the footsteps heard on that fateful day in November. Knowing that some teenagers were going try to get into the chateau that afternoon, the boy who had the room next to ours had followed us, had slipped through a window that had been left unlocked, had locked it after him, and waited gleefully for the moment when he would play the part of a ghost. He was a vivid success!)

MY FIRST SOLO

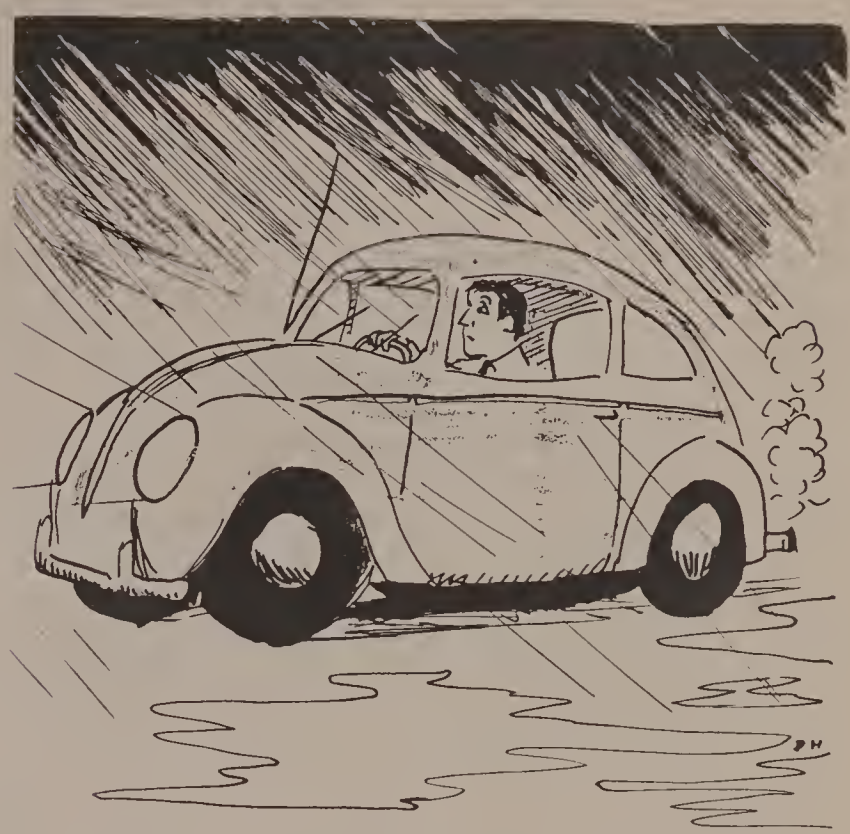
Daniel Norman '67

I WILL NEVER forget the first time I drove the family car alone. On the first day of school last year, I was scheduled to take the on-the-road driver examination test. As I expected, I encountered no trouble and received my license. My mother, however, would not allow me to drive home; she made up some flimsy excuse.

At the dinner table that night, I asked my parents if I could go to the library. I did not actually hint for the car, but I did make it clear that I was going regardless of the cold fall night. Afraid I would have to walk, I was opening the door when my father spoke a few Syrian words to my mother. He then tossed the Volkswagon keys to me and uttered the expected: "Drive carefully." As I stepped out the door, I gave him my guarantee. Then I noticed that it was raining slightly.

Cautiously I started the car and backed it into the street. Suddenly I realized I couldn't see! This was possible as I had turned on neither the lights nor the windshield wipers. I corrected this situation and drove leisurely to the library.

I did my homework unconsciously, my mind more on the exultation of having the family car parked outside than on anything else. Nine o'clock struck, and I picked up my books and joined the crowd at the exit. As I struggled into the small car again, I noticed it was raining much harder now. Fortunately, I remembered the lights and wipers and unhurriedly drove through the dark, wet, and narrow roads to my house.



I parked the car carefully and stepped into the house, feeling like an all-conquering hero. As I tossed the keys onto the table, I sang out to my parents, "I'm home!" Sitting in the living room, they sighed and silently gave thanks to the Lord that I had returned safely.

When I stepped into my room, I did the exact same thing!

JUST WHAT IS SCHOOL SPIRIT?

Frances Dentino '67

THE NIGHT was cold. We sat squished together on the bus as it left the school yard. We hadn't gone very far when one of the senior girls began a well-known Weymouth cheer. Before long, we were all caught in a web of excitement, and everyone yelled and cheered as we rode to the Tech Tournament at the Boston Garden. Our basketball team was playing an important game that night, and we fans were tense with anticipation.

When we arrived at the Garden, we quickly found seats near our friends who had already come. We waited eagerly for the game to start. Then, the Weymouth High School basketball team ran onto the court. We proud fans stood and cheered for a long time. The real excitement had finally begun.

The score remained close throughout the first half. At the end of two periods, there was still not much difference between the points of each team. When the game resumed, the Garden resounded with even more cheering, clapping, and yelling than before. The fans on the Weymouth side of the building raised their fists at the same time, and like a great voice from one body chanted, "Beat 'em! Beat 'em! Beat 'em!"

The game ended. Weymouth had lost by a narrow margin, but the team had never given up its fight. Until the end of the game, those in the stands supported the players with cheers of confidence and encouragement.

Just what is school spirit? It is being proud of the performance of your team and of the conduct of the students. It is the wonderful feeling of being part of Weymouth High School. It is the knowledge that the team has put forth its best effort and has given a performance that will always be remembered in the hearts of every Weymouth fan.

Brigadoon

WEYMOUTH High School may be extremely proud of its musical production *Brigadoon*, its second success in as many years. Ably sponsored by the Student Council the show received ample assistance from numerous teachers. This particular musical was a very worthwhile function, as its proceeds were added to the Scholarship Fund of Weymouth High.

A humble Scottish clergyman prayed that his parish might escape the evils of the outside world. In answer to his plea, a miracle took place, and the village vanished from the forests in Scotland in May, 1766, to reappear for only one day every one hundred years. If any person were to leave the village, the miracle would cease and the people would be gone forever. The story tells how two American hunters, Tommy Albright and Jeff Douglas, stumbled upon the revived Brigadoon and how love decided who could remain and who could not.

It may be interesting to note that Tommy and Fiona are finally united for good, that Charlie and Jean are the most faithful of newlyweds, and that the miracle of *Brigadoon* will continue to occur in the future.

The limited number of props was sufficient to create the scene and the sometimes elusive atmosphere.

Paul Bowley, Phil Moore, Kathy Mosher (*Singing Chorus*)

Pat Sullivan (*Chorus*); Ernst Tengborg (*Harry Beaton*); Joyce Sturgis (*Chorus*); Cheryl Conti (*Maggie Anderson*)

The Brockie open shed and the MacLaren house, both mere frameworks of wood, are prime examples of this. A bit of the extraordinary was introduced by the scrim, a transparent curtain used to produce the misty forest scene.

The spirited sword dance following the marriage ceremony, the dire threat of Harry Beaton culminating in the frantic chase through the forest, and the solemnity of the funeral procession will be remembered by all those in attendance.

The music, provided by a combined group of high school, college, and professional musicians, under the direction of Mr. Richard Burns, filled the auditorium with the spirited airs of Scotland. Miss Jean Kovac should be commended for the tremendous assistance which she offered to all of those connected with the production. Mr. Alexander Sinclair, the bagpiper in the funeral procession following Harry Beaton's death, should be added to our list of distinguished musicians.

Congratulations are extended to all who were involved in any way with this production.

Brigadoon

Kristina Bertram (*Make-up Crew*)
Paul Corey (*Jeff Douglas*)

Musical Director ..... Mr. Richard Burns
Stage Manager ..... Mr. Robert McCarthy
Singing Chorus ..... Members of the Weymouth High School Chorus and Glee Club

Dance Ensemble:

Marilyn Manter	Paula AuCoin
Beth McLarnon	Francine Bova
Marilyn O'Brien	Marcia Clement
June Sullivan	Cheryl Conti
Richard Currier	Judy Doble
Charles Grassia	Sharon Hurley
Drew Hynes	Janet Keating

David Sheehan

Tommy Albright ..... John Olson
Jeff Douglas ..... Paul Corey
Archie Beaton ..... Duncan Allen
Harry Beaton ..... Ernst Tengborg
Sandy ..... Phillip Moore
Andrew MacLaren ..... Frank Sheridan
Fiona MacLaren ..... Jane Ferguson
Jean MacLaren ..... Phyllis Villeneuve
Meg Brockie ..... Maureen Meskimen
Angus McGuffie ..... Harry Sprague
Maggie Anderson ..... Cheryl Conti
Charles Dalrymple ..... Ken Simon
Mr. Lundie ..... Carl Stone
Stuart Dalrymple ..... Charles Grassia
McGregor ..... Paul Boley
Frank ..... Sean Mulready
Jane Ashton ..... Marcia Holbrook
Director ..... Miss Jean Kovac

Sharon Provost,
Marilyn Morrison
(*Stage Crew*)

Robert Gohl
Charles Cannon
(*Light Crew*)

Faculty Interviews

MISS CAROL P. CLOHERTY

Emmanuel College grad -- Spanish -- single -- interested in Russian, a Russian club -- confirmed Museum hopper -- likes to paint, read poetry -- dislikes students who don't think for themselves -- inquisitive, helpful.

MR. WILLIAM W. WILSON

Boston University grad -- masters degree -- bookkeeping, typing -- married -- taught seven years at Hanover High -- interested in sports: track, cross country -- reads World War II history -- munches on apples -- impressed by people who do homework on time, all the time -- shy, sincere.

MR. BRUCE S. BURGESS

Bridgewater and B.U. grad -- algebra and trig -- married -- taught at Central Jr. and in Marshfield -- likes basketball, hunting, animals, apples -- dislikes popular music -- finds it hard to relax -- finds W. H. S. easy to get lost in -- very genial, nice smile.

MR. RALPH JANNINO

University of Idaho grad -- new in Weymouth -- teaches gym -- likes sports, steak sandwiches, golf -- dislikes wise guys -- impressed by excellence in sports -- enjoys W. H. S. -- friendly, cheerful.

MISS JOAN WEINSTEIN

University of Connecticut grad -- developmental reading -- single -- new in Weymouth -- likes designing jewelry, horseback riding, chocolate ice cream, well-behaved, cheerful students of W. H. S. -- dislikes insects -- eager, interesting.

MR. VIRGIL VALICENTI

New to Weymouth High -- teacher of history -- taught at Annex and South Junior High -- educated at Bates College -- received masters from Bridgewater -- married -- relaxes fishing and hunting -- loves seedless grapes -- dislikes discourtesy -- pleasant, full of fun.

MISS CAROLYN RODGERS

Emmanuel College, University of Madrid -- masters degree -- Spanish -- Project Headstart in Boston plays guitar -- likes Spanish food, students who have initiative -- greatly disturbed by disrespect -- courteous, understanding.

MISS ARDITH DEE HIDINGER

New at teaching -- single -- teaches only at Annex -- Spanish -- originally from Pennsylvania -- likes New England, drama, golf, jazz, bridge, pepperoni -- dislikes discourtesy, students who speak English in class -- feels W.H.S. students well-behaved -- friendly cheerful.

MRS. ADELE AVITABILE

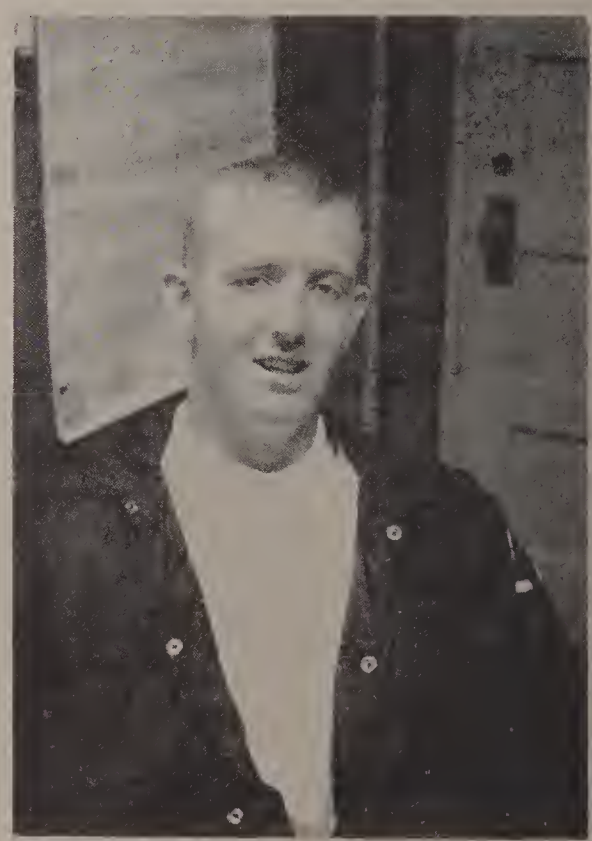
University of Illinois graduate -- four and a half years as army captain dietician -- new to Weymouth -- teaching foods at Annex and High School -- mother of five -- relaxes at cottage in Pembroke -- loves fresh fruit -- finds students friendly.

MRS. NANCY ORTON

Teacher of English -- educated at Smith -- taught in Fitchburg -- once a professional musician -- a Bach fan -- reads Shakespeare, Dickens, Hemingway -- relaxes taking walks -- impressed with students, likes class participation -- optimistic, very pleasant.

MRS. FRANCES ARNOLD

French teacher -- educated at University of Maine -- masters degree from Boston University -- one year in Paris -- interested in French people -- enjoys good music, contemporary French authors, reading, playing bridge -- eats lemon meringue pies and ice cream sodas -- intolerant with intolerance -- interested in a French club -- sees our new school as a symbol of successful students -- understanding, sensitive toward others.



MR. JOHN McPHERSON

Gym teacher at Annex -- coaching sophomore football -- attended Northeasten University -- taught at Medford High School -- married -- enjoys taking drives with family and watching television -- dislikes sloppy people -- finds students well mannered -- congenial, serious.

MISS PATRICIA C. FLYNN

Teaching English -- new to Weymouth -- graduate of Emmanuel College -- taught in Connecticut -- interests lie in contemporary literature and drama -- enjoys skiing -- finds most students interested in education -- vivacious, intellectual.

MR. STANLEY TROUPE

Graduate of Bridgewater State College -- English teacher at Annex -- would like to initiate a reading club -- married -- relaxes from teaching doing manual work at home -- summer life guard -- participates actively in tennis, swimming, camping -- loves a coffee break -- annoyed by noisy classrooms -- likes "quiet" students -- possesses sense of humor.

MISS MARILYN J. REED

An enthusiastic sports fan -- interested in youth work and Junior Red Cross -- loves ice cream -- an avid seamstress -- new in Weymouth -- teaching home economics at Annex --finds students polite charming, cheerful personality.

MISS MAUREEN WENZLER

Framingham College and Garland Jr. College grad clothing, foods, nutrition -- previously taught at Central Jr. -- single -- likes semi-classical music, horses, golf, ice cream, and W. H. S. students optimistic, genial.

MISS LESLIE JOPE

Wilmington College, University of Andes grad -- previously taught at Colegio Nuera Granada in Bogota -- Spanish -- U.S. and European History -- especially interested in Latin American affairs -- likes most sports, folk music, poetry, chocolate eclairs -- dislikes baseball -- enthusiastic, curious.

MR. WAYNE MASTERS

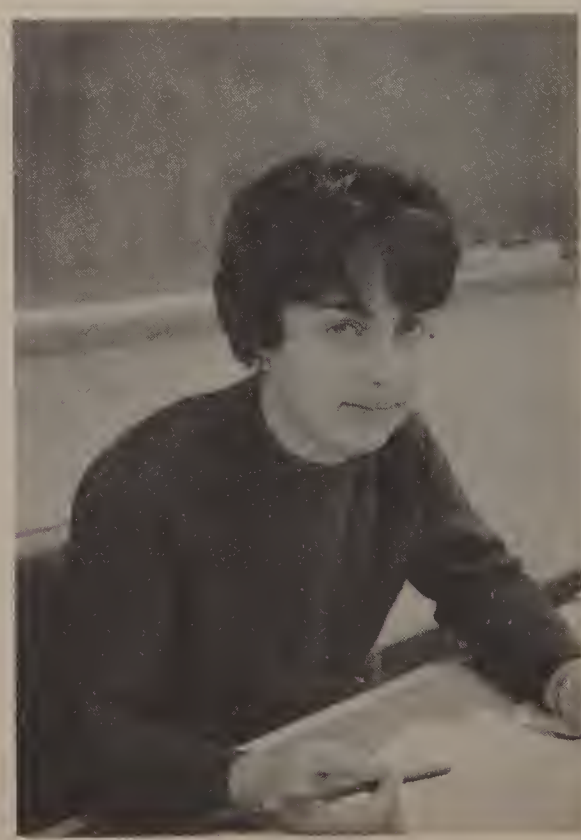
Suffolk University grad -- trained at Weymouth High -- social studies, problems of democracy -- single (for the time being!) -- interested in world affairs and ideology -- likes swimming, skiing, mythology, local history of New England, the New York Giants, and pastromie on plain roll -- dislikes people who lie -- "Be spunky!"

MR. RICHARD BURNS

Boston University, Rawlins College, Wayne University, Oberlin Conservatory -- previously taught at Abington High -- music -- likes hi-fi's, music, (especially chord music), coffee cake, and coffee -- peeved by students talking in class -- has good sense of humor.

MISS LUCINDA STIPEK

Wheaton grad -- English -- single -- likes skiing, music, reading contemporary literature, ice cream, ice cream, and more ice cream -- intensely dislikes noisy, disrespectful students -- vivacious, alert.



QUESTION POLL

Question: What changes or additions would you make in the school building, laws, or curriculum?

Kathy Spargo '67	Install coke machines at regular intervals along the corridors.
Bill Melchin '68	Let the students choose their own programs with respect to their future plans. Why should someone who wishes to be a musician have to take French if he doesn't want to?
Jon Forest '67	Allow high honor and honor roll students to have special privileges.
Louise VanBuskirk '67	Add a ten-minute break after second period for a snack.
Paula Meuse '68	Get rid of paper towels in the girls' gym.
Karen Bergfors '67	Add an hour to the school day and do away with all homework.
Annetta Emery '67	Add a course in finger painting.
Karen Maynard '68	Lengthen the school day so we can take six majors. Stop stressing gym so much. We have enough worries without trying to keep our socks white and our gym suits wrinkle-free. Don't put so much emphasis on marks.
Joe Contrino '67	Make the lockers wider. Spray perfume in the chemistry corridor.
Lisa Haskell '67	Have more assemblies, longer lunches, and more activities so all the students in the junior and senior classes can get to know each other better.
Chris Pharmer '67	Build a concrete smoking room for smokers.
John Pica '67	Extend the lunch period.
Linda Bergfors '68	Allow students with a first period study to come to school at quarter to nine. Allow students with a last period study to leave school early.
Doug Franklin '67	How about a sit-down demonstration in the cafeteria in protest of bent forks?
Jane Nugent '67	Plant maroon and gold feathered cockscombs in the courtyards.
Frank Bourdon '67	Install window shades in the cafeteria so no one will die of sunstroke.
Marilyn Manter '68	Give a floor plan to us poor lost juniors.
Taree Aailooio '67	Have no homework on the weekend because it is supposed to be for our relaxation.
Cindy Doyle '68	When we elect class officers, permit more interesting campaigns with introductory speeches after school.
Tracey Parker '67	Provide more language courses.
Susan Hanian '68	Move Legion Field closer to the school so half our gym period isn't spent traveling back and forth.
Paula Ryder '67	Let the vocational boys sit with everyone else at assemblies and the award presentations.
Helen Dewhurst '67	Give more opportunities for sports and athletics for girls. Add some inter-school matches.
John Olsen '67	Put an end to the censorship which surrounds school publications.
Paula Marino '68	Have a double period of gym instead of two single periods.
Jan Young '67	Heat the bandroom!

★ FOOTBALL ★

Over the past years few schools have been as fortunate as Weymouth in having consistently successful football teams. This season was no exception. Through the efforts of Coach Fisher and his staff, one of the most formidable squads in the school's history was assembled. In view of this, a knowledge of the players who form the nucleus of our powerful grid team seems invaluable.

The representative of the underclassmen undoubtedly has to be Doug Auld. When he takes his stance over the pigskin, the opposition know they're in for a rough afternoon. His deftness in snapping for punts or conversions is unquestionable: only look back to last year's Brockton game, when he flawlessly centered the ball in the closing seconds of the contest for Anderson's game-winning field goal. An accomplished artist, Doug hopes to join the Orangemen of Syracuse while majoring in Art.

As co-captain of such a powerhouse, Ken Blasser assumed a cumbersome burden. It was his duty to set an example of team spirit. He did not fail. In his quiet manner Ken has been developing into the "Mike Ditka" of Weymouth. As tight end, Ken usually drew the call on the important third down pass. On defense the number eighty was on the bottom of many pileups as he shot in from his right linebacker position. Off the field, Ken is noted for his "uncanny" ability to shoot pool.

"DOUG"

"KEN"

"BRIAN"

"JOHN"

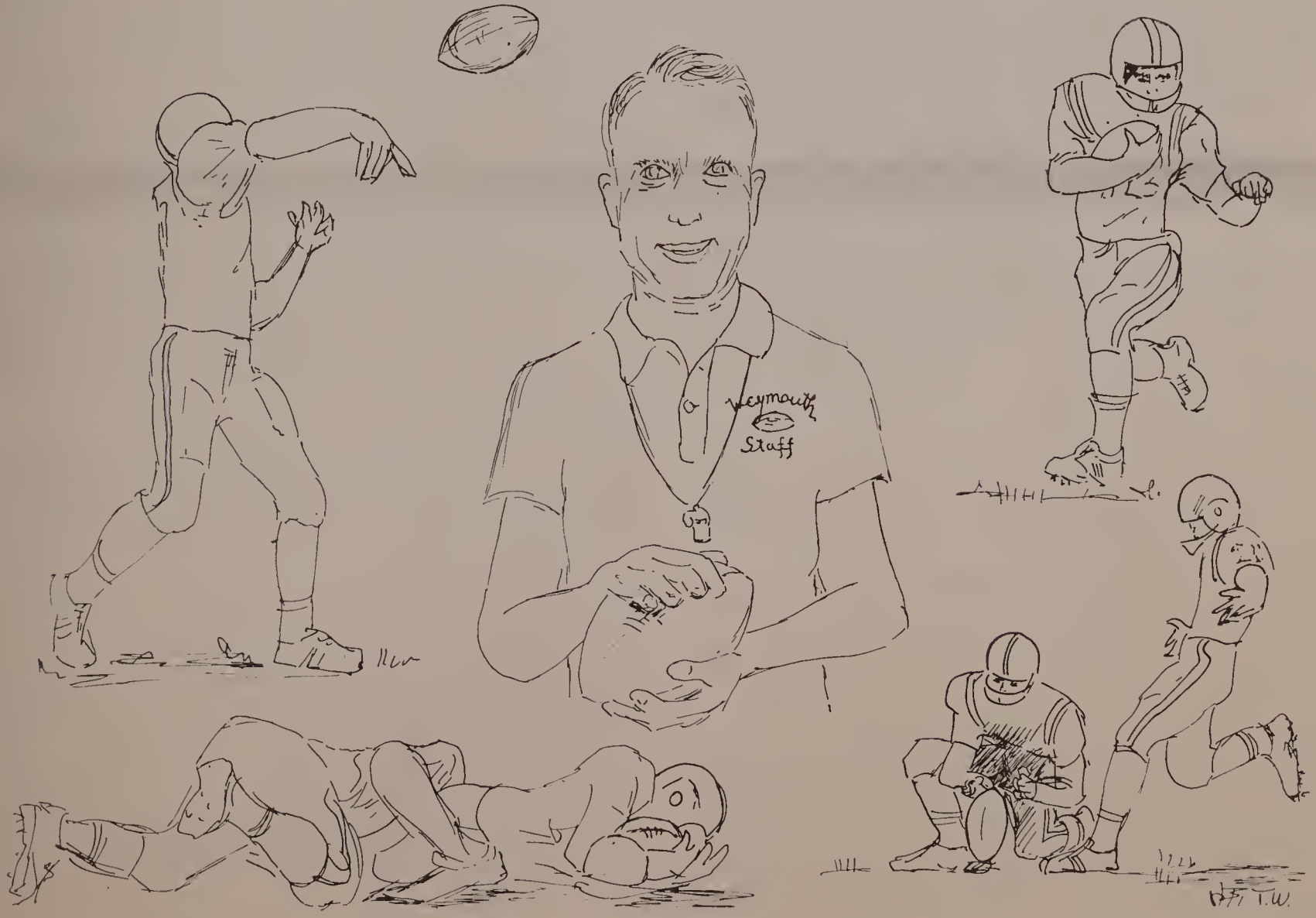
All the overused cliches seem inadequate whenever one discusses our quarterback, Bryan Marini. In the classroom or on the gridiron, few possess his all-around ability to excel. His quiet, modest manner surprises all who come into contact with him. Not one to be easily unnerved, Bryan proves to be indeterminable value when the pressure of the game begins to be felt. That Bryan may some day be directing Harvard's Crimson wave is not beyond the realm of possibility.

Desire, speed, desire, strength, and still more desire comprise the ingredients of the Maroons' fine right tackle and co-captain, John Pica. Along with Ray White, John formed the fleetest combination of tackles "in captivity." In fact as a junior, John's outstanding play was rewarded by a berth on the All Scholastic squad. Loving the game as few others, John with his fierce tackling caused many halfbacks to wish they had joined the soccer team!

At tailback, Tom Ward representing the hardnosed halfback capable of grinding out the tough yardage up the middle or turning the end on power sweeps. In school Tom hits the books with equal vigor. Standing near the top of his class, Tom seems able to choose any college and make the grade. A quiet and conscientious student, Tom has already made many enduring friendships.

And finally we have Ray White, that massive hulk who superstitiously downs a pint of coffee ice cream prior to each Saturday encounter. With versatility beyond belief, "Pancho" has effectively played almost every possible position on a football team. Putting the team first, Whitey ignored a painful shoulder injury and still won the acclaim of opposing coaches. As a dashman on the track team, Ray can accelerate his 205 pounds with awesome agility. No wonder college scouts are drooling at the mention of his name.

But the prime requirement for a victorious season is cooperation, each member doing his part so that all are performing together as a single unit. Without such cooperation such a praiseworthy record would have been impossible.



SNOOPS

Before we see what THE SNOOP has been up to lately, let's turn back and see what some of our talented and energetic seniors have been doing this past summer. THE SNOOP braved the heat wave of St. Louis, the threat of bears, and the cliffs of Weymouth's salt water marshes to track down his kinetic quarry. Let's go back a few months and hear his findings.

THE SNOOP: I'm in the lobby of the Chase Park Plaza Hotel in St. Louis, waiting for this afternoon's session of the F. H. A. (Future Homemakers of America) to break. More than a thousand girls have come from all over the nation to this St. Louis convention——but here comes Weymouth's own representative, JANICE MACQUARRIE. Janice, can you tell us something about your work here?

Janice: Why, yes, thank you, I'd love to. Right now we're discussing new memberships. We have three sessions a day, plus work groups!

SNOOP: You must be very busy. Aren't you also president of Weymouth High's F. H. A.?

Janice: Yes, and vice-president of the State Recreation Committee. But it's fun! We provide the entertainment for the state conventions by writing our own skits and putting them on.

SNOOP: Janice, just what is F. H. A.?

Janice: Well, it's an organization for any girl interested in the home. We have speakers and creative workshops, but more important, we do community projects. For example, we go to the Wrentham State Mental Hospital every Christmas. Do you know about that?

SNOOP: No, tell me about it.

Janice: Our girls make stuffed animals and bake cupcakes, then dress up as Santa Clauses, and put on skits for the children. It's our most rewarding project.

SNOOP: Aren't you also working with children at Clapp Memorial's day camp?

Janice: Yes, I'm to be a sports counselor this summer for seven- and eight-year-old girls. I really love it.

SNOOP: Thank you, Janice. We hope to hear more from you as an active contributor to F. H. A. and your other school activities.

Now back to Massachusetts. Let's join THE SNOOP as he prowls about the Polaroid Company in Cambridge, hot on the trail of Weymouth High's super-scientist, Leonard Robinson. The tracks lead to a door marked "Trained Bears." THE SNOOP approaches, courageously.

THE SNOOP: (Opening the door) Hello! Is anyone here.

Lenny: Close that door! This is a dark room!

SNOOP: Sorry about that. Lenny, about that sign on the door. . . .

Lenny: Oh, that! That's just so people won't suspect there's any important research going on in here.

SNOOP: By the way, just what *is* going on in here?

Lenny: Well, I'll tell you if you promise not to tell anyone else.

SNOOP: Cross my heart and hope to tell Mr. Longridge he's unfair.

Lenny: Okay. As you know, I am one of sixty students taking part in the Thayer summer science program. After a two-week orientation period at Thayer, we were each assigned to an area so we could do more advanced work in our special areas.

SNOOP: Are you the only one here at Polaroid?

Lenny: No, there are eight others here from Thayer.

SNOOP: Exactly what are you working on?

Lenny: Well, I've just finished doing work for a special project of Dr. Lloyd Taylor's. It's concerned with "a new Photo-Resist method employing photo-polymerization and ionic cross linking."

SNOOP: Yes, of course. What does it do?

Lenny: The process can be used industrially for the manufacturing of circuits for colored television.

SNOOP: What is Dr. Taylor's connection with the topic?

Lenny: He has been experimenting on it for several years, and he can now patent this new process.

SNOOP: I'm sure this past summer has been very rewarding for you. What do you plan to do in the future?

Lenny: I hope to go to M. I. T. in the fall and keep working until I get my doctorate.

SNOOP: Well, thank you, Mr. Robinson. It's been a pleasure.

THE SNOOP is now back in Weymouth. Let's join him as he searches Weymouth's salt water marshes for his next assignment, Robert Johansen.

THE SNOOP: (huffing) Bob, wait! They told me you'd be here. I've been looking all over Harvard Square for you. You *are* Bob Johansen, Weymouth's French student at Harvard?

BOB: Yes, but I just finished my course last week. It was very interesting; we studied from French films.

SNOOP: I never expected to interview you in the middle of a pond—

BOB: Oh, no, it's a marsh—salt water. See all the horseshoe crab shells?

SNOOP: Yes, but where does the salt water come from?

BOB: From Back River. And this whole area from East Weymouth to North Weymouth was formed by glacial deposits. Did you see those piles of rubbish as you came down the path?

SNOOP: Yes.

BOB: Well, the Senior Conservation Commission of Weymouth is clearing this area to make a town park.

SNOOP: Excuse me, but why are you here?

BOB: I'm on the Junior Conservation Committee. We're a small group from the high school. Right now we're helping the adults clean up, but our own project is teaching grade schoolers about nature.

SNOOP: Where do you teach?

BOB: Last year we taught at the Johnson School, and we were very successful with the third graders. This year we want to start with the first graders. We've also been thinking about having a nature museum near these marshes, where we could have natural history classes and displays.

SNOOP: Well, thanks, Bob. I'll go home now and dry out.

After his exhausting summer, THE SNOOP needed a rest, so we sent him to Paris, France, for a vacation. By *pure coincidence,* his next assignment, Valerie Beggs, happened to be there, too. (Sorry about that, SNOOP.)

Let's listen in on THE SNOOP'S conversation with Valerie, finalist in the 1966 Singer World Stylemaker Contest.

SNOOP: Valerie, I understand that you've already passed two tests of your sewing ability. What were they like?

VALERIE: Well, at the first, the Eastern New England Competition, the three judges looked over my outfit for sewing details, then saw me model it.

SNOOP: Could you describe your outfit?

VALERIE: It's an ensemble, dress and coat. The dress is an A-line of white wool herringbone. I used a glen plaid, a green heathery mixture, for the coat. The coat collar and cuffs match the same white material in the dress.

SNOOP: Sounds very attractive. What did you use for accessories?

VALERIE: I wore olive green shoes and gloves. It took ages to match them to the green in the coat.

SNOOP: I know you were given a prize of some sort—

VALERIE: Yes, it's a square patent leather sewing-case.

SNOOP: What was the second contest like, Valerie?

VALERIE: This time my outfit, with pictures of me modeling it, was sent to New York, where it was judged for sewing detail, fit, and color suitability. Six finalists were chosen from my age group, and we were flown to Paris.

SNOOP: That's exciting! Were you given anything besides the trip?

VALERIE: A Touch and Sew Singer sewing machine. It's beautiful! It even has a slant needle to make rick-rack and fancy stiching.

SNOOP: Now that you're in Paris, how are you judged?

VALERIE: We're judged on what's called "fashion-rightness."

SNOOP: Which means?

VALERIE: It means color co-ordination, fit, and the suitability of the color to the girl. The rest is luck.

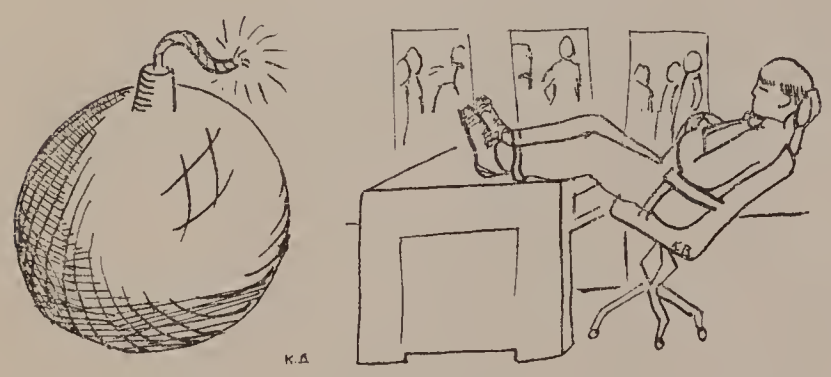
SNOOP: Thank you, Valerie. Have a good time in Paris—and best of luck.

THE NEW POCKET EDITION OF COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY

(A guide to the better understanding of the Teenage Language)

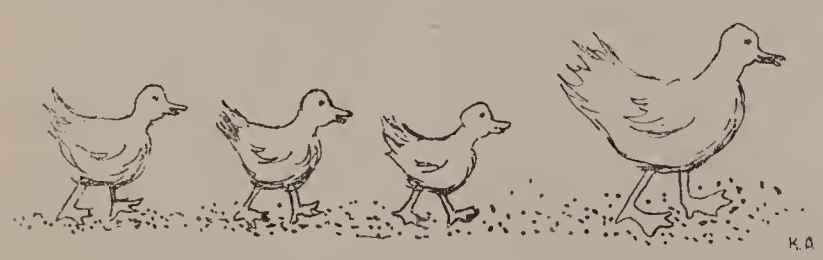
bag, v., to catch (usually in the act of misbehavior).
He was bagged in the basement for smoking.

bomb, v., to fail miserably; to bring about the collapse of an established convention.
He will bomb his math test.
n., a complete and utter failure.



boss, adj., fine, good, great, extraordinary.
This dictionary is boss. We had a boss time at the chess tournament.

colliege, n., adj., adv., 1. Pertaining to the apparel worn by those in a college-oriented group. 2. A member of this group.
His clothes are colliege. She is colliege. Is he colliege or rat?



duck, n., a strange person (one who isn't "in").
He's a duck!

fantasmagorical, adj., beyond the limits of the imagination; often used to denote the height of perfection.
The combo was fantasmagorical.

fish, n., one who overestimates himself greatly.
He's a fish when it comes to sports.

gear, adj., see boss.
The school dance was gear.

have, v., to be in the possession of certain good qualities; usually followed by the pronoun it.
The Rolling Stones have it.

horror show, n., something that strikes terror in one's heart; often used in reference to especially comprehensive examinations for which the student is not prepared.
The physics test was a horror show.

in, adj., included in the current fashion or trend.
Skin-diving in quicksand is in this year.

Kahuna, n., the Hawaiian god of surf.
Ardent surfers worship Kahuna.

keen, adj., (now obsolete) see boss.
He dresses real, real keen.

mickey mouse, adj., 1. very simple, not complex. 2. extremely unorthodox.
This test is mickey mouse.
This fuel pump is mickey mouse.

mod, n., adj., adv., see colliege
He dresses mod. He's mod. Mod jewelry.

nail, n., a cigarette. v., to ridicule.
The teacher nailed him in front of the class.

neat, adj., (obsolete) see keen.
Isn't this a neat party?

nizza, adj., (obsolete) see neat.
Lawrence Welk is nizza.

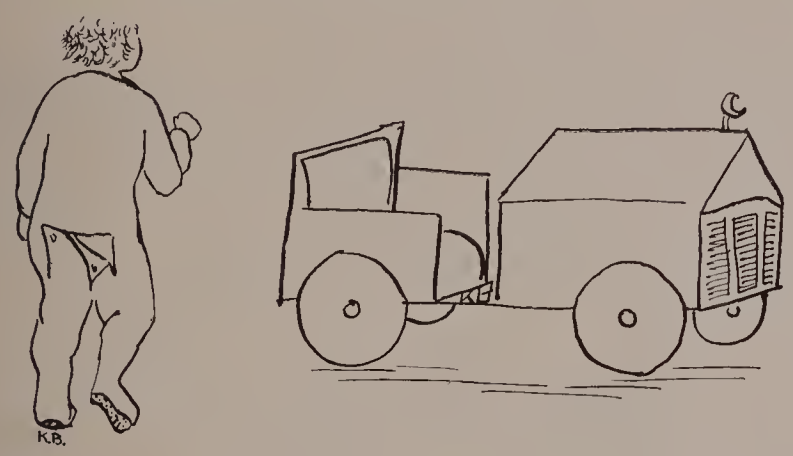
oh, interj., an exclamation of fact (usually used sarcastically).
The residual benefits to be derived from this project will more than compensate for the original outlay of funds.----Oh!

pill, n., a drab person lacking personality.
She's a pill.

THE THORNHART BARNDIKE FOR ADULTS

rank, v., see nail (2).
She was ranked out for not having her assignment.

screamer, n., a car with exceptional acceleration.
Father bought a screamer.



sleeper, n., an auto with a very crude exterior but exceptional acceleration.
The sleeper rubbered past the nervous officer.

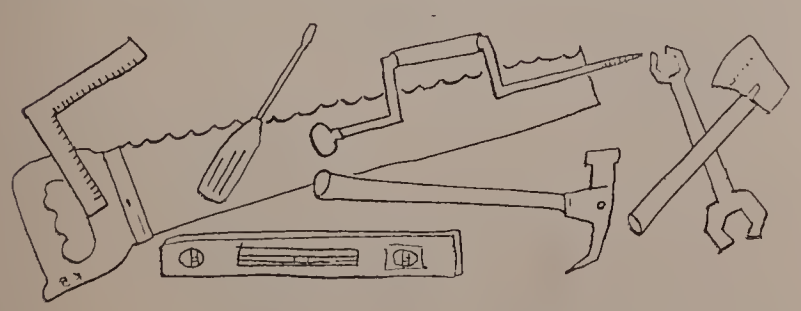
sloshed, adj., in a state of intoxication, excited beyond self-control. Syn. soused.
Everyone was sloshed at the New Year's Eve party.

something else, adj., very good; very original or creative.
The Expanding Plastic Inevitable is something else.

swakked out, adj., in a state of limbo, usually brought about by the consumption of certain alcoholic beverages.
They were swakked out on Piel's beer.

THE MEN, n., officers of the department of law and order.
THE MEN arrived and broke up the dart game.

thingy, adj., bad beyond possible description; not worthy of the time necessary to differentiate between its living and non-living properties.
He is thingy.



tool, v., adj., 1. to go. 2. to drive. 3. to fit, work. 4. see boss.
Tool down to the store. Tool into the parking lot.
Try this and see if it tools.

torque, adj., see tool (4).
The new record was torque.

tough, adj., very nice, sophisticated-looking.
She's tough. There is a tough-looking machine.

tree, n., the imaginary place of habitation of the mind or soul; hence, to be out of one's tree is to be out of one's mind.
He's completely out of his tree.

underwhelm, v., to cause one little or no concern; to fall flat after a tremendous rising action.
Checker games underwhelm me.

wahini, n., a surfer girl, often used in reference to a newcomer to the surfing locale.
Here comes another gremmie wahini.

wb, interj., an expression of consternation or frustration.
Wb! I give up.

zero, n., a not-too pretty young lady; a homely girl.
She is a zero.

EXPRESSIONS OFTEN USED IN THE TEENAGE LANGUAGE

Drop back ten yards and punt: The answer to any difficult situation
Egg on your face: State of perplexity
Forty miles of bad road: A homely person; a zero
Hang in there: Keep working at it.
Hung up: Having a problem
Out of it: Not "in," weird
Tacked off: Angry
This is true: Sarcastic expression of fact

Poetry

THE WEARY ANT

Paul Ceruti '67

Onward plods the weary ant
Over obstacles he sometimes can't;
And bearing morsels twice his size,
He neither weeps nor even cries,
But may quite often give a sigh
And stop to wipe his forehead dry,
Or watch a foolish man pass by . . . .

So onward plods the foolish man
Tripping over pebbles and grains of sand;
And bearing burdens half his size,
He weeps and he moans,
And cries, and sighs,
And occasionally wipes his forehead dry,
Or watches a foolish woman pass by. . . .

Then turning slowly, his head bent low,
Onward plods the weary ant
Over obstacles he sometimes can't;
And bearing morsels twice his size,
He neither weeps nor even cries,
But now more often gives a sigh,
Stopping only to wipe his forehead dry,
Or to wring his tired weary hands —
For he is much too small to help the foolish man. . . .

OF COURSE YOU ARE

Jacqueline Gorman '67

There's a cold rush of wind.
First the lights fade away
And now you're alone,
In the dark and alone.
Are you sure you're alone?

Trees sway. Can you hear the sounds?
Is it really the trees?
Shadows on the windows, falling on floors.
Something has to howl.
Something has to cry.

You hope for the day to come soon.
Will it?
It's still night and still dark.
Are you scared?
Of course you are.

THE ATHEIST

Paul Ceruti '67

I sat beneath my tree today,
Drinking and thinking, and trying to pray,
But my words were lost and seemed in vain
So I quietly hung my head in shame.

I must go on in search of help,
For whom am I? I've lost myself!

Then my shadow uplifted suddenly
And now, myself, I clearly see;
I looked to the sky and clenched my fists—
Oh my God, I'm an atheist!

A LIFE IN A GARDEN

Paul Ceruti '67

Softly blooms the sweet sunflower
In the agonizing monotony of each passing hour.
Unaware of the beauty that nature's endowed
She lives her life under a large gray cloud,
And remembers the taste of an angry bee's sting,
But forgets the soft touch of a butterfly's wing,
And recalls the pain of a harsh cold rain,
A pounding, peltering, harsh, cold rain
That nourished the soil from whence she came.
And each day of her life is much the same
As she scorns the world — for who else is to blame?

But now, too late, she weeps and she cries,
And finally begins to realize
That life's too short; and forgets the pain
Of the pounding, peltering, harsh, cold rain,
As she turns her face from the cool crisp breeze,
Sheltering herself from the falling leaves;
And looking to the sky she softly sighs,
And in bewilderment, wonders why
The bird flies south to sing his song,
While life in the garden was but a few months long,
And there's no time left to sing her song,
And no time left to right her wrongs. . . .

WHERE AM I GOING?

Nancy Sciarappa '68

"Where am I going?
Where have I been?"
"Nowhere," I answer.
"But what have I seen?
And what have I heard?"

Of poverty, misery,
In our land and more;
Of hard, tortured lives
From which ignorance grows–
That's what I've heard.

Where am I going?
Where there is need,
To people who will
With knowledge proceed
To ask of themselves,
"Where am I going?"

LIFE

David Sheehan '68

The sun rose, and I was born.
The sun gave the world light and warmth during the day.
What did I give?
The sun set, and I was gone.

RESTITUTION

John McClellan '67

Have you ever stopped to take a walk,
Late on a summer's eve,
Along the beach, near the sea,
Where there's a cool sea breeze?

You have no fear of being lost.
The stars above make sure
That there's a golden path ahead
Where the sparkling sand is pure.

The fresh sea air clears your lungs
And puts your mind at ease,
And the gentle waves lapping the shore
Create a feeling of peace.

This little walk along the beach
Serves to take away
All the worries and rejections
That you had to face that day.

In Memoriam

MR. PAUL O. RITCHIE

"A person with a great sense of humor . . . a friend to every student . . . he understood teenagers . . . he would try to help . . . a man we admired and respected . . . a continual smile . . . very much dedicated to his work . . . a man that every one liked and respected . . . a fair man to all . . . he was firm but he knew that kindness mattered . . . a great deal of patience . . . cared very much about the school . . . a great loss to Weymouth High."

THE SEA GODDESS .

(*Continued from page* 9)

Of course not. I hate girls . . . .

I wonder if she'll be here tomorrow . . . ?

(Her side of the story)

I was sitting out there on that lonesome little raft, thinking about . . . . Oh, Life, and Love, and who I am, and where I'm going. You know the kind of thing you think of on a beautiful summer day when you're all alone. I was sort of lonesome, actually.

It was a strange feeling because I'd never really been lonesome before. Oh, I'm not Miss Popularity or anything, but I've had enough friends, enough dates to keep me happy.

But here, I was alone. That's a terrible word to a teenager. I hadn't wanted to come to this resort with my parents, who had been waiting for years to come. I guess they couldn't wait any longer. I wished they had, but I was stuck for the summer.

I'd swear I'd been the only teenager there all summer, and it was now the end of July. It was all old people and little kids. No one between thirteen and twenty came near the place. The adults stayed in the pool, and the kids went to the ocean, just down the road. I alone used this pond.

Just when I glanced up and saw the handsomest boy I'd ever seen spreading a blanket on the beach. Boy, was he nice!

Even at this distance you could see his sunbleached hair and wide brown eyes. He was tall, tan, and had a lean kind of strength that was very appealing. I confess I stared for quite some time.

I decided to attract his attention, so I stood up and stretched. When I looked again, he was yawning. But I was not discouraged. I could continue to try until he noticed me.

So I dove in. I did my best to make it a good dive, and I knew it wasn't bad. I figured he'd say something when I reached shore, so I gave him my very nicest smile for encouragement. He was not encouraged.

He didn't say, "Nice dive!" or any of the opening gambits I'd expected. In fact, he didn't even nod. To tell you the truth, he didn't even blink. I began to think maybe he was blind. But, boy, was he nice!

I decided since he wasn't going to pay any attention to me, I might as well fix my hair. So I did. And I watched him surreptitiously in the mirror. He didn't seem to notice me, so I dispensed with the mirror and stared. Boy, oh boy, was he ever nice looking.

I finally got tired of waiting. I mean, I could have had a sunstroke waiting for him to say something. A couple of times I caught him turning around with his mouth open as if to say something, but he never did. Maybe he was trying to catch sand fleas or something. He *couldn't* have been about to SPEAK. Anyway, I left. I gave up.

What if he never comes back?

I keep thinking about him. I miss him. Can you imagine. We've never spoken, and I miss . . . . What if he REALLY never comes back?

Maybe he'll say something tomorrow.

EXAM ANSWERS

1. Any five of the following:
   a. Mr. Bluster
   b. Dilly Dally
   c. Buffalo Bob
   d. Clarabelle
   e. Chief Thunderthud
   f. Princess Summerfallwinterspring
   g. Flubberdub
   h. John J. Fadoozle
   i. Sandy Witch
2. Jingles
3. Neil
4. Nellie-Belle
5. Magpies
6. Poncho
7. George Reeves
8. "Hi-ya, kiddies, Hi-ya, Hi-ya."
9. Pinky Lee
10. Captain Midnight
11. Gerald Lloyd Kookson III
12. Rags
13. Mr. Peepers
14. Asta
15. Captain Hucksley
16. Topper
17. Hopalong Cassidy
18. Sundance
19. Mr. Tooth Decay
20. Bat Masterson
21. Sam

EXTRA CREDIT

Lt. Frank Ballinger

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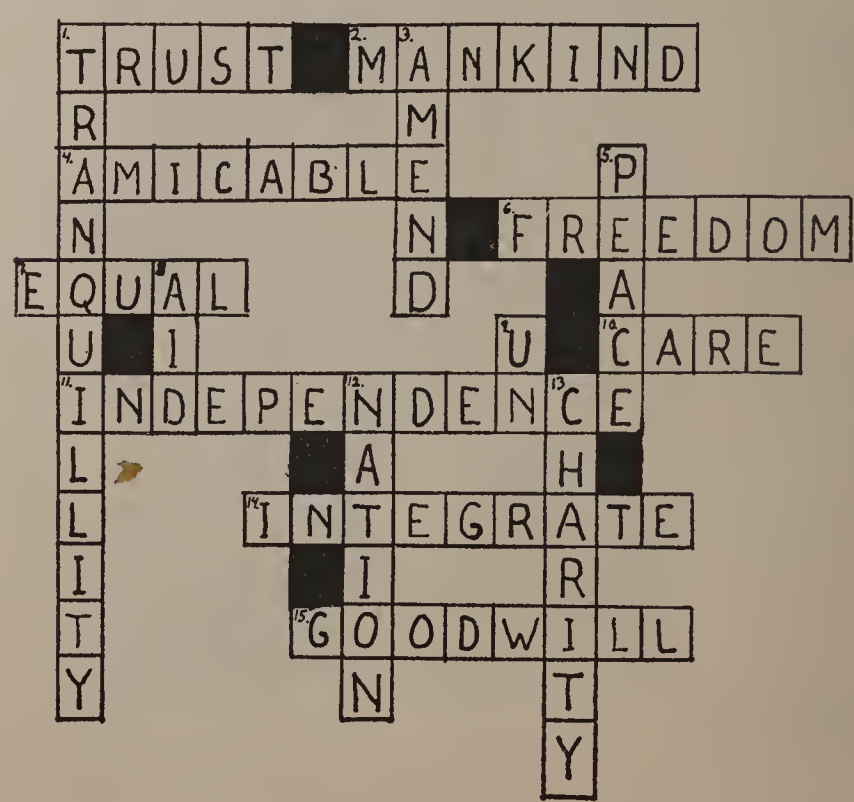

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335–5256

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Madeline Hobbs, Allen Swinimer

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Evelyn H. Balmayne
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335–9870

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